

And this, the bleeding businesse they haue done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pittifull:
And pittie to the generall wrong of Rome,
As fire drinnes out fire, so pittie, pittie
Hath done this deed on *Caesar*. For your part,
To you, our Swords haue leaden points *Marke Antony*:
Our Armes in strength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receiue you in,
With all kinde loue, good thoughts, and reuerence.

Cass. Your voyce shall be as strong as any mans,
In the disposing of new Dignities.

Bru. Onely be patient, till we haue appeas'd
The Multitude, beside themselves with feare,
And then, we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did loue *Caesar* when I strooke him,
Haue thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your Wisedome:
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First *Marcus Brutus* will I shake with you;
Next *Caius Cassius* do I take your hand;
Now *Decius Brutus* yours; now yours *Metellus*;
Yours *Cinna*; and my valiant *Caska*, yours;
Though last, not least in loue, yours good *Trebonius*.
Gentlemen all: Alas, what shall I say,
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad wayes you must conceit me,
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.
That I did loue thee *Caesar*, O 'tis true:
If then thy Spirit looke vpon vs now,
Shall it not greue thee deerer then thy death,
To see thy *Antony* making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes?
Most Noble, in the presence of thy Coarse,
Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they streame forth thy blood,
It would become me better, then to close
In tearmes of Friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me *Iulius*, heere was't thou bay'd braue Hart,
Heere did'st thou fall, and heere thy Hunters stand
Sign'd in thy Spoyle, and Crimson'd in thy Lethee.
O World! thou wast the Forrest to this Hart,
And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.
How like a Deere, troken by many Princes,
Dost thou heere lye?

Cass. *Mark Antony*.

Ant. Pardon me *Caius Cassius*:
The Enemies of *Caesar*, shall say this:
Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modestie.

Cass. I blame you not for praising *Caesar* so,
But what compact meane you to haue with vs?
Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I tooke your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on *Caesar*.
Friends are I with you all, and loue you all,
Vpon this hope, that you shall giue me Reasons,
Why, and wherein, *Caesar* was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a sauage Spectacle:
Our Reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you *Antony*, the Sonne of *Caesar*,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seeke,
And am moreouer sutor, that I may
Produce his body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,
Speake in the Order of his Funerall.

Bru. You shall *Marke Antony*.

Cass. *Brutus*, a word with you:
You know not what you do; Do not consent
That *Antony* speake in his Funerall:
Know you how much the people may be mou'd
By that which he will vter.

Bru. By your pardon:
I will my selfe into the Pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our *Caesar*'s death.
What *Antony* shall speake, I will protest
He speakes by leaue, and by permission:
And that we are contented *Caesar* shall
Haue all true Rites, and lawfull Ceremonies,
It shall aduantage more, then do vs wrong.

Cass. I know not what may fall, I like it not.
Bru. *Mark Antony*, heere take you *Caesar*'s body:
You shall not in your Funerall speach blame vs,
But speake all good you can deuise of *Caesar*,
And say you doo't by our permission:
Else shall you not haue any hand at all
About his Funerall. And you shall speake
In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so:

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow vs. *Exeunt.*

Manet Antony.

O pardon me, thou bleeding pece of Earth:
That I am meeke and gentle with these Butchers.
Thou art the Ruines of the Noblest man
That euer liued in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly Blood.
Ouer thy wounds, now do I Prophecie,
(Which like dumbe mouthes do ope their Ruby lips,
To begge the voyce and vtterance of my Tongue)
A Curse shall light vpon the limbes of men;
Domesticke Fury, and fierce Ciuill strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in vse,
And dreadfull Obiects so familiar,
That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their Infants quartered with the hands of Warre:
All pittie choak'd with custome of sell deeds,
And *Caesar*'s Spirit ranging for Reuenge,
With *Ate* by his side, come hot from Hell,
Shall in these Confinnes, with a Monarkes voyce,
Cry hauocke, and let slip the Dogges of Warre,
That this foule deede, shall smell about the earth
With Carrion men, groaning for Buriall.

Enter Octavius's Seruant.

You serue *Octavius Caesar*, do you not?

Ser. I do *Marke Antony*.

Ant. *Caesar* did write for him to come to Rome.
Ser. He did receiue his Letters, and is coming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O *Caesar*!

Ant. Thy heart is bigger: get thee a-part and weep:
Palsion I see is catching from mine eyes,
Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy Master coming?

Ser. He lies to night within seuen Leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post backe with speede,
And tell him what hath chanc'd:
Heere is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for *Octavius* yet,
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet Ray a-while,

Thou

Thou shalt not backe, till I haue borne this course
Into the Market place: There shall I try
In my Oration, how the People take
The cruell issue of these bloody men,
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To yong *Octavius*, of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

Exeunt

Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit, and Cassius, with the Plebeians.

Pla. We will be satisfied: let vs be satisfied.
Bru. Then follow me, and giue me Audience friends.
Cassius go you into the other streete,
And part the Numbers:
Those that will heare me speake, let 'em stay heere;
Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him,
And publike Reasons shall be rendred
Of *Caesar*'s death.

1. *Pla.* I will heare *Brutus* speake.
2. I will heare *Cassius*, and compare their Reasons,
When severally we heare them rendred.
3. The Noble *Brutus* is ascended: Silence.

Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, Country-men, and Louers, heare mee for my
cause, and be silent, that you may heare. Beleeue me for
mine Honor, and haue respect to mine Honor, that you
may beleeue. Centure me in your Wisedome, and awake
your Senses, that you may the better Iudge. If there bee
any in this Assembly, any deere Friend of *Caesar*'s, to him
I say, that *Brutus* loue to *Caesar*, was no lesse then his. If
then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Caesar*,
this is my answer: Not that I lou'd *Caesar* lesse, but
that I lou'd Rome more. Had you rather *Caesar* were li-
uing, and dye all Slaues; then that *Caesar* were dead, to
liue all Free-men? As *Caesar* lou'd mee, I weepe for him;
as he was Fortunate, I reioyce at it; as he was Valiant, I
honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I slewe him. There
is Teares, for his Loue: Ioy, for his Fortune: Honor, for
his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere
so base, that would be a Bondman? If any, speak, for him
haue I offended. Who is heere so rude, that would not
be a Roman? If any, speak, for him haue I offended. Who
is heere so vile, that will not loue his Country? If any,
speake, for him haue I offended. I paus for a Reply.

All. None *Brutus*, none.

Brutus. Then none haue I offended. I haue done no
more to *Caesar*, then you shall do to *Brutus*. The Questi-
on of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitoll: his Glory not
extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences en-
for'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Caesar's body.

Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by *Marke Antony*, who
though he had no hand in his death, shall receiue the be-
nefit of his dying, a place in the Comonwealth, as which
of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I slewe my
best Lower for the good of Rome, I haue the same Dag-
ger for my selfe, when it shall please my Country to need
my death.

All. Liue *Brutus*, liue, liue.

1. Bring him with Triumph home vnto his house.
2. Giue him a Statue with his Ancestors.
3. Let him be *Caesar*.
4. *Caesar*'s better parts,

Shall be Crown'd in *Brutus*.
1. Wee'll bring him to
With Showts and Clamo
Bru. My Country-men
2. Peace, silence, *Brutus*
1. Peace ho.

Bru. Good Country
And (for my sake) stay hee
Do grace to *Caesar*'s Corpse
Tending to *Caesar*'s Glorie
(By our permission) is alle
I do intreat you, not a man
Saue I alone, till *Antony* ha

1 Stay ho, and let vs be
3 Let him go vp into t
Wee'll heare him: Noble
Ant. For *Brutus* sake,
4 What does he say of
3 He sayes, for *Brutus*
He findes himselfe behold
4 'Twere best he speak
1 This *Caesar* was a Ty
3 Nay that's certaine:
We are blest that Rome is

2 Peace, let vs heare v
Ant. You gentle Rom
All. Peace ho, let vs
Ant. Friends, Romans, C

I come to bury *Caesar*, not
The euill that men do, liue
The good is oft enterred
So let it be with *Caesar*. Th
Hath told you *Caesar* was
If it were so, it was a gree
And greuously hath *Caesar*
Heere, vnder leaue of *Brutus*
(For *Brutus* is an Honour
So are they all; all Honour
Come I to speake in *Caesar*'s
He was my Friend, faithfu
But *Brutus* sayes, he was A
And *Brutus* is an Honour
He hath brought many C
Whose Ransomes, did the
Did this in *Caesar* seeme A
When that the poore hau
Ambition should be mad
Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was
And *Brutus* is an Honour
You all did see, that on th
I thrice presented him a K
Which he did thrice refus
Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was
And sure he is an Honour

I speake not to disproue
But heere I am, to speake
You all did loue him onc
What cause with-holds y
O Iudgement! thou are f
And Men haue lost their
My heart is in the Coffin
And I must pawse, till it c
1 Me thinks there is
2 If thou consider rig
Caesar ha's had great wro
3 Ha's hee Masters? I